

Storyboard-1

A house's not a home until you're sharing it with someone, is something Gramp told me once. He was probably talking about his and Grams' like, something about how he lived alone until her, or some such. They've told me so many stories over the year that I can't remember them all.

I can say that living with them was living in a home, and that once I moved it, none of the places I lived in were that. Until a little under two months ago, when Tristan blew up his house and moved in with me along with Emil.

A couple of days before that, he proposed to me. I accepted, and we were married. There was no ceremony, we don't need those. He gave me the ring. It was the happiest day of my life, even including the cast my leg was in, and that was it.

Now, even when I don't see or hear them. I know they're here. It's in the air; I can smell Tristan's manliness. I can hear Emil walking about downstairs. I can definitely hear the power tools that are redecorating one of the three spare bedrooms into Tristan's workshop. I expected that to happen within the first week, but my man, my monster, spent a lot of his time doting on me and seeing after my injuries.

And hiding guns.

I think there isn't one picture frame on the wall left that isn't a cover for a cavity holding a Desert Eagle, a Berreta, and-or knives.

Tristan is making the house his own, and there is something... charming about that.

The gym I'm currently using to strengthen my leg is another addition of is. I mean, how else is he going to keep that perfect tone body of his perfectly toned? The sex certainly isn't going to be enough, especially since the level of sex he now had is a recent development. Before me, he hardly ever fucked.

Even Emil is making his mark on the house, although his is more discreet. There are posters of women on his bedroom wall. Nothing suggestive, although they are all good looking. There are a couple of movie actresses in action roles. He seems to like a specific beach volleyball team out of California, and he has a series of art he printed from the net. Clearly from the same artist, and each of a woman I can best describe as librarian looking, although one has a magic wand in hand.

As best as I can tell, Emil's type is woman.

While, statistically, it shouldn't have surprised me he's straight. Because of how tactile he is with me and Tristan, it did come as one.

No, nothing like that's happened. He's our son. Yes, Tristan would have slept with him if that was what Emil had needed. He didn't. And yes, technically, we do sleep with him sometimes, as in his bed. He hadn't had a panic attack while he's awake in the last month, but he still has nightmares and the only way he's able to get back to sleep is to have one of us holding him, and most of the time, we'll both join him in his bed.

I push the weight one last time and it's with a shaking leg that I bring it back. The pain's been gone for two weeks now, and I'm just ten-pound off what my left leg can press, but Tristan's nothing if not a slave driver when it comes to getting me back in top shape, and

with the promise of what that will bring, I've been pushing myself that extra hard.

Don't get me wrong, the sex's been great already, but Tristan's too perceptive for my own good when it comes to pain and the kinds of pain I feel. He will hurt me to my heart's content, but only on purpose, and while I've been injured, it's been nearly impossible to pass off the pain that shot up my leg as anything other than that, and it put an end to whatever other pain, he was about to inflict on the way to a great pounding.

The poundings have still been great, but on the gentler side and no, this isn't me bitching about gentle sex. I'm over that. I get it now that even when Tristan's being gentle, it's not about him being concerned I'm too fragile. If there's one thing he doesn't think, is that I'm fragile.

Well, other than while I was injured.

What I do worry about, though, are his own needs. He told me he hadn't gone out to satisfy his need to hurt someone as part of sex, and I believe him. As with everything else about him, he's great at controlling his desires.

But it's a part of why I'm pushing. Yes, I want that amazingly sharp sex, but I also want him to be able to indulge in what he needs. If my leg keeps that from happening for much longer, I might give him permission to do it with some rent boy, no matter how he says he's still fine.

I stand and stretch. There's tension in the muscle, but right now, that's got to be the result of the weights. All my muscles strain, because Tristan isn't letting me only exercise my injured leg. That gets more attention, but I have to do a proper workout.

I update the app on my phone with the weights from the leg press, as well as the number of reps I did and the subjective result. I'm honest about it. Still work to do. Because this is for me and even that hacker he still insists on doing business with isn't going to get in there.

I do more stretches, but this time for the purpose of remaining limber. When you have the kind of strength Tristan does, you can afford not to be too flexible, although you'd be surprised at the level of flexibility he does have. I don't have that strength, so being able to bend and not get hit is a plus.

I hear steps by the door. As bent down and looked between my legs, I see Emil's bare feet disappear in his bedroom's direction. The sound of construction on the ground floor stopped a few minutes ago, but I can't hear Tristan.

I finish the stretching exercises and head out of the gym, checking my phone for updates on the searches I have going into C, D & J Investigations. They're legit, but since they were trailing us, we need to know who paid them for that and that proving to be—

I let the phone go to deflect the punch, catch it with my other hand before it's drops a couple of inches. Pivot, deflect again, strike with a knee in the stomach, and that feels like hitting concrete. Once of these days, I am going to learn not to waste time hitting those abs.

Licking and kissing, definitely. Hitting? Not advisable.

Stars explode, and my head hit the wall. That's what I get for letting that dark-skinned body distract me. My dodge is woozy, but the fist makes a hole in the wall, instead of my head. The knee that hits me in the sides, on the other hand, that hurts.

The satisfied grin on his face is as much of a turn on as the murder in his eyes. I hit him with my shoulder as hard as I can and he only backs one step, but that's enough to let me slip by him and get—

The weight on my back sends me to the floor and I see stars again as my forehead bounces off it. This time it's enough I'm not certain why I feel a hand around my neck, or why it's tightening. The confusion ends when it's apparent I can't breathe and I try to shove him off me. To cry out. To do something.

When he does shift, it's for his cock to slip between my ass cheeks, and I fight harder. My head is clearing and I want this. I've wanted this for months now and if I don't fight to stop him, he'd just going to get up and leave me wanting.

I elbow him in the side and he barely grunts.

He pushes in and I groan, unable to resist for a few seconds as pain and pleasure course through me. Fuck, I'd forgotten how great this was. I slam the back of my head in his face; he grunts and in return slams his cock in me. I cry out in pain.

Then he'd moving in and out. Just when it's almost only pleasure that I feel, he bites into my shoulder and I cry out again. He bites harder and as his cock hits my prostrate, I cum.

Fuck, do I cum hard.

He keeps on pounding my ass, teeth still in my shoulder. I can feel the blood drip down it.

I moan.

He tenses, cock buried to the hilt in me. I can't feel it unload, but he let go of my shoulder, so I know he hit orgasm. Then he relaxes and rests his forehead against the back of my head.

He's heavy on me, making it hard to breathe, but he doesn't move, and I don't ask him.

He leans his head to the side, licks my ear, and whispers. "You can live another day."

The shudder that shakes me at this implied threat feels amazing.

He means it.

That is the most amazing thing about him.

He loves me, but he still leaves me uncertain if tomorrow is when he will end my life. He has that kind of control over his emotions.

I love him for that. For that love. For that uncertainty.

He rolls off me and pants. A glance lets me see the blood on his face from his nose. It isn't broken, but I still hit it solidly. He smiles at me, and he's human again. The monster hidden behind a thin veneer.

I snuggle against him, and he wraps his arms around me.

"On the middle of the hallway?" Emil comments, waking by, tablet in hand, careful not to step in the blood or cum. "Really?"

"It's more comfortable than on gravel," I reply.

"I'm not cleaning any of that," he responds with, then he's gone down the stairs.

"Unless you want the wooden floor to be permanently stained, we need to clean this

now,” Tristan says, but he doesn’t move.

“You’re going to put it on my to end this tender moment, aren’t you?”

“Your house, your—”

“If you say my rules, I am kicking your ass.”

“—floors.” He nips at the back of my neck. “And I look forward to your attempt at kicking my ass now that you’re in training shape.”

I shudder again. Fuck, this is back to happening on a regular basis now.

I push myself up and wince at the pain. I hurry to glance at Tristan to gage his reaction, but he’s uncaring of how I hurt. He inflicted this pain on me, so he doesn’t care how much I hurt.

Fuck, that is such a turn on.

He smirks as my cock twitches.

And he knows it.

We clean the floor, and he obsesses about removing any evidence of what happened. When he mentions re-varnishing the floor, I pull him away and into our bathroom. It still looks the same as before he moved in, but now the medicine cabinet swivels off the wall to reveal guns and knives. Under the sink is a veritable pharmacy of what’s needed to deal with injuries, down to a surgery kit and plastic sheets to put on the bed.

He plans on teaching me the basics of sewing someone back together.

How are there basics to that?

What he needs to clean and patch our injuries is contained in a small first-aid kit, clean the wound on my shoulder, his nose. Then it’s in the shower where he cleans me clinically, and I clean him erotically. He lets me see his amusement, but he doesn’t react to my touch, not even when I’m stroking him.

It could be because we just had sex, and he needs more time, but this is Tristan; if he desired it, it would happen.

Once clean and dry, he bandages my shoulder and looks over his nose. Other than mild swelling, there is no indication I hit him hard enough to bleed. Then, instead of heading out of the bedroom to get back to the work in his workroom, he opens the closet door.

“What are you doing?” I ask, because if there is one thing that is out of character for him, is to be looking through clothes as if he needed to decide what would be appropriate to wear.

“Are you two planning on getting dressed?” Emil asked from the doorway. He’s dressed.

“What is going on?” I ask. Emil’s not the nudist Tristan is, just as I’m not, but nudity has been the standard in his house since they moved in. Nothing that was enforced. Tristan simply never bothers putting something on unless he needs to head out for something, just as he did back at his house, and within hours I was naked too, and a day later so was Emil.

Tristan places a gray-green short-sleeved shirt on the bed, along with white slacks. Those are in my size.

“The Andersons are having a barbecue,” he answers, opening the other side of the closet, his side. Unlike mine, on the hangars are suit bags with information written on them.

“The who?”

“Third house on the left,” He replies.

“Family of five,” Emil adds, “Caucasians, the father is thirty-eight, the mother thirty-seven. The kids are nineteen, twenty and twenty-one, the youngest are girls, the oldest a guy. Don’t you know your neighbors?”

I place the house. “Household income in the hundred-fifty grand range. Last I check, twice that in loans, a third of which is from their kid’s university studies. Two cars. He’s a manager at a computer installation firm. She’s a sales rep for a car dealership, one of their best. Yeah, I know them.”

“You need to know more about those around you than what their finances are.”

“You can tell just about everything from someone’s finances. Like he had a bookie he barely pays on time. And she’s having an affair with some guy from work.”

“Which he knows about,” Tristan said.

“How do you know that?”

He smiles as he pulls one of the suit bag out. “I watch them interact.”

“There’s no way he gives away. He knows while he’s with her.”

Tristan takes out a light brown shirt with a darker jacket from the bag. The pants only go to his knees and are the same brown as the shirt. “He holds on to her in the morning before they leave for work. He’s relieved every evening when she comes home. He goes to bed after her, and for the last eight days, he’s been looking at photo albums while drinking before making his way up.” He puts the shirt on. “It’s about to come to a head. This might be the last barbecue they have.”

I watch him get dressed, trying to work out why he’d want to go. He barely interacted with his neighbors back at the reservation. “You want to go because it’s going to be the last?”

“No, I want us to go because it is what neighbors do.” He hands me the shirt.

I look at it. “I have never gone to one of those things, Tristan.”

“That was when you lived alone. I’m here now, and we will go, because we are good neighbors, and that is what good neighbors do.”

I want to protest there’s nothing good about two of the three people in this house, but his words have a tone of order to them, so I take the shirt and put it on.

This... this is going to be such a disaster.